

## P O E M

Humbly Dedicated to the

## Q U E E N,

On the Occasion of

HER MAJESTY'S

H A P P Y

C O N C E P T I O N.

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By *Edm. Arwaker*, M. A.

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Licensed Feb. 11th. 1687.  
*Roger L'Estrange.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *Randal Taylor*, near *Stationers-Hall*.  
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POPULAR

Humily Dedicated to the

QUEEN

On the Occasion of

HER MAJESTY'S

HAPPY

CONCEPTION.

By Miss Hemmels, M. A.

Licensed Feb. 10. 1883.  
Roger H. Hargrave.

LONDON:

Printed for Richard Taylor, near St. Dunstons Hill.  
MDCXXXVII.

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P O E M

Humbly Dedicated to the QUEEN, on the Occasion of Her Majesty's Happy Conception.



Heaven's kind concurrence has our Wishes crown'd,  
And thro' its Starry Courts around,  
Which with Petitions heretofore were fill'd,  
Loud shouts of Joy and Gratitude resound;  
Great as the Good for which their Tribute's paid,  
And answerable to the Vows we made,

At last the rich, the Royal Field,  
That once did fertile Plenty yield,  
But long has unsuccessfully been till'd;  
Does happy signs of a new Product wear,  
And promises a joyful Harvest near:

A wish'd Accession to that Princely store,

With which another Soil had blest our Isles before,  
And which increase alone cou'd make us value more.

Great Queen, by us and Heav'n belov'd!  
Heav'n that of you t' increase our Bliss approv'd;  
Your three exulting Kingdoms prostrate view,  
As pregnant all with hope and joy  
As with the Royal Burthen you  
And all with due Congratulations come  
To bless and to adore your Sacred Womb;  
Whose load does all their Pray'rs, does all their Thanks employ.  
Low at your Feet the fair Ierna lies,  
Whom not the dangers of her Seas,  
Nor love of dear, because unusual, ease,  
Deter from paying there her Sacrifice.



She, tho long practis'd in complaint,  
 And only in that Language quaint,  
 Anew her celebrated Harp has strung,  
 And wip'd the querulous humour from her Tongue,  
 Resolv'd on this occasion to rejoyce,  
 And that her Heart shall move in Consort with her Hand and Voice.

## 3.

Nor let her elder Sisters take offence,  
 That she, tho last, sues first for Audience;  
 For she, alas! is plac'd remote from Court,  
 And thither very rarely can resort:  
 The envious distance does to her deny  
 The priviledge they every day enjoy.  
 Vouchsafe her then, dread Queen, a gracious ear,  
 Let her your Favours, as your Suff'rings share:  
 For she the Royal Cause did bravely own,  
 By Plots and Perjuries almost run down.  
 Ev'n in the height of that audacious Time,  
 When not t' oppose it was alone a Crime.  
 And finds that Vertue now its own Reward,  
 In the blest Influence of our Sovereign's Reign,  
 Whose Int'rest she before her own prefer'd,  
 Nor was she just to Heav'n and Him in vain.

## 4.

Till his benigner Aspect blest her shore,  
 The Yoak of Conquest she impatient wore;  
 But finds since he ascended *Albion's* Throne,  
 Her great advantage was to be or'e-come,  
 And by Subjection has a Freedom known,  
 Beyond her boasted Native Liberty;

So kind, so easie in his sway,  
 She serves her self when she does him obey:  
 Proud of the Bliss, she does his Empire own,  
 And returns laden with Allegiance home.  
 Resolv'd she will for ever faithful be,  
 And from Disloyalty, as Venom, always free.

## 5.

*Albania* at your Foot-stool next appears,  
 Drawn by your stronger Influence from her Pole,  
 Hither a faithful Course she steers,  
 Not her restraining Frosts, nor her attractive Stars  
 Confine her motion, or her will controul.  
 Pleas'd with the hoped increase of that Great Race  
 That made her happy, and preserv'd her so,  
 Thro a long series of successive years,  
 By gentle Methods of a God-like Reign,  
 Eager th' expected Infant to embrace,  
 And her known Character of Loyalty maintain.

She does an humble Votary bow,  
 She who cou'd boast, and not be counted vain,  
 Of being thought, and proving Just to you.

## 6.

When factious Rage did sawcy Crowds ferment,  
 And boyl'd their Blood to a rebellious heat;  
 That did envenom'd Arrows dart  
 Against your Royal Consorts heart,  
 And you his dearer part,  
 With her you chose and found a safe Retreat.  
 Baffled their Plots, and did their bold attempts prevent,  
 Preserv'd to bless us with your Government.  
 In your defence her Lion roar'd aloud,  
 And frighten'd and dispers'd the impious Crowd.  
 But now with Joy he seems transported more,  
 More Rampant grows,  
 To see their vain Designs o'erthrown,  
 Who did your Right, and Heav'n's Decree oppose,  
 By this addition to the Royal store,  
 This third Supporter of the Crown,  
 That gives a triple Prop to the Succession.

## 7.

But *Albion's* Joys are loud, and will be heard,  
 Impatient grown to be defer'd.  
 Wide as her Empire she her Voice extends,  
 And thro the World her acclamations sends;

Whilst her Triumphant fires ascend on high,  
And bear the joyful Tydings to the Sky.

The miseries of Usurpation  
Such deep resentments on her sense impress,  
As cannot vanish from her mem'ry soon,  
But by a just abhorrence will be still express:  
Will teach her how to prize, and to maintain  
Th' unequall'd Blessing of a Lawful Reign.

## 8.

For this she did her daring Breast expose  
To arm'd Rebellion's furious rage,  
Design'd her rightful Sovereign to dethrone,  
And bravely did in his Defence engage,  
Regardless of her own.  
Nor fear'd she any more pernicious Foes  
Than th' Enemies of his Succession,  
To which she all her Peace, she all her Plenty owes.  
And to confirm it to his Royal Line,  
At no Expence, no Dangers will repine:  
So Heav'n does *Albion's* Bliss with *Cæsar's* Int'rest joyn.

## 9.

How then shall she her Joy declare,  
How of its Burthen ease her teeming Breast,  
Impatient grown to be releas'd,  
And vent its exultations in the Air,  
For her large hope conceiv'd to see the Royal Seed increas'd:  
Those Links that lengthen the Succession's Chain,  
And shall to yet far distant Ages reach,  
In which no length of Time shall make a breach,  
Nor Usurpation interrupt again  
The settled course it shall maintain.  
Till the unhing'd World tumble from its frame,  
And find no more a place, and know no more a name.

## 10.

Inspire her, O thou Pow'r Divine!  
That gavest the blest occasion of her Joy,  
Her Voice in just Addresses to employ,  
Worthy the Royal Ears, and thine.



Teach her to sing thy dear lov'd *Cæsar's* Fame.  
 Of Men the justest, and of Kings the best ;  
 Teach her his God-like Vertues to proclaim,  
 Teach her to sound bright *Mariana's* Name,  
 The Glory of the Ancient House of *Este*.  
 Bright *Mariana*, whose Illustrious Race  
 Will the fam'd Catalogue of *Albion's* Princes grace.  
 Teach her the Royal Sisters to Address,  
 The early hopes of our long Happiness;  
 Teach her the approaching Infant to caress,  
 And wait its Birth with her expanded Arms,  
 To be its Sanctuary from all harms ;  
 That whether Fate the mighty Product dooms  
 To add new whiteness to the *British* Plumes,  
 Or pleas'd the Nobler Sex t' increase,  
 Presents it to us in their finer dress,  
 Its Life may long our Happy Kingdoms bless.  
 And when this Subject of our earnest Pray'r  
 Is brought by Angels to th' Almighty's Ear,  
 May the bright Crowds their Suffrage in a loud *AMEN* declare.

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*F I N I S.*